

# Ode To Timpanogos

By WILLIAM STANLEY DUNFORD

Oh, majestic Timpanogos!  
With your lofty, granite height,  
Seeking first the rays of morning  
Lingering last in evening's light.  
How I gaze upon your summits  
Chiseled harsh against the blue,  
Glinting first in morning's sunshine,  
Bathed in sun when day is through.  
And remark your ragged summit,  
Rock-ribbed, stand against the blast  
Shouldering out the clouds that bind you  
All serene when storms have passed.

In the spring I see you smiling,  
Clothed with verdure to your peaks  
Tinting color, gorgeous flowers,  
Nature's joy in quiet speaks.  
And in summer, mystery shrouds you,  
Verdant shadows flecked with light,  
Mystic notes of night-birds calling,  
Soothing-quiet, into night.

Then in autumn's radiant colors  
How you lavishly adorn  
All your nooks, and peaks and hollows,  
Like a maid in new love born.  
But when winter spreads it's whiteness  
Down from off your Alpine brow;  
Soothing out your ragged contours  
Quiet-like,—you're Godly now!

